

EDITORIALS

A Rabies Ordinance

The awful consequences of rabies have been written into coroner records so often that it would seem to be conclusive evidence that anything offering even a hope of immunization should be acceptable to all.

This community is in the midst of a debate on the relative merits of taking a chance or following the pattern of hundreds of progressive communities throughout the nation that have rabies immunization ordinances. From our observation there have been some rabid opinions advanced by persons on both sides of the controversy. Certainly there has been a noticeable lack of evidence on the part of some that they intend to listen to the other side at all.

Some opponents of an ordinance requiring vaccination of dogs go so far as to charge discrimination. If it is discriminating to pass a law intended to make the community a safer place in which to live, then it is just as discriminatory to stop the drunk from driving his automobile or the burglar from practicing the only trade he knows.

Rabid dogs have been found roaming the streets of Torrance. An insane man with a gun would excite plenty of action, yet, the man might be less dangerous than the rabid dog. To do less than pass an ordinance, eliminating or curtailing the possibility of an epidemic, the city council would be remiss in its obligations to the citizenry.

Leash laws are inadequate in dealing with the rabid animal. The resident who wants to have the enjoyment of a dog ought to be willing to keep his pet from becoming a nuisance and positive menace to his neighbors.

Wonderful Supermarkets

A visiting housewife from Europe admired our skyscrapers, looked with awe at Niagara Falls and the Grand Canyon, but what really took her breath away were our supermarkets.

"Where I come from," she explained, "shopping for food takes hours. A housewife trudges to the market area. I say 'trudges,' because few European families have automobiles. Then, instead of making one purchase, we have to make many purchases at many different places. We must go to the dairyman to buy our butter and milk; to the butcher shop for our meats; to the bakery for our bread, and to the grocer for our groceries. At each stop, we must haggle and bargain over the prices, for these are seldom posted, and where tagged prices asked are often higher than the merchant expects to get.

When the day's shopping is over, we stagger home—frequently a mile or more away—loaded with heavy bundles. When I tell my friends about your American supermarkets, they will not believe me. What a difference! Your American housewife drives the family car to the supermarket, where food and household necessities are displayed all in one store. She puts everything she needs in a wire cart, rolls to the check-stand and pays for it. An accommodating attendant will even load her purchases into the automobile. And, it is all done in a few minutes.

"In my country, women toil over a kitchen stove that may be fifty years old. Here in America, women are unhappy if their ranges are not equipped with lights, bells and all kinds of automatic gadgets. Even the color of the cooking stove must harmonize with the decor. I cannot even yet believe it. It must be wonderful to live in America!"

Yes, it is wonderful to live in America, dear lady, and—would you believe this?—most American women take these conveniences and luxuries for granted, and do not appreciate their rare good fortune.

Our Adopted Beauty

A courtly bow of congratulation, and a discreet wolf whistle of admiration, for Miss California of 1955.

The young lady who will attempt to make it two national titles in a row for our State is brown-haired Barbara Harris, 20. She won the Miss California title before 30,000 people at Santa Cruz who approved highly her beauty, her ability as a singer, and her charming personality.

Barbara entered the contest as "Miss Watsonville"—a tribute to the cooperative spirit of Californians. Actually, she is a Santa Cruz secretary, but the host city was not allowed an entry, so, as we understand it, the neighboring community happily adopted Barbara for the time being.

That was her second California "adoption." Only three years ago Barbara was a resident of Grand Junction, Colorado. She came out to Santa Cruz on a visit, and liked California so much she stayed on.



LAW IN ACTION

ARE YOU A BAILOR?

You may make a dozen contracts daily—in such simple things as hanging up your hat or parking your car. Modern life could not go on without contracts to set out your rights and duties.

Do you know, for example, whether you have a "bailment" contract—for somebody to watch your hat or car, or whether you yourself are responsible in case of loss or damage?

In a restaurant the sign reads: "Not responsible for articles lost or stolen." John glanced at the sign, hung up his own and his wife's coat on the rack. They went into the dining room. After lunch, they found the wife's coat gone!

put a garment on a restaurant rack, you have to guard it yourself. The restaurant has no responsibility.

But it's different, for example, when you hand the coat to a hat-check girl. Then the management takes control of your goods and is responsible.

2. You leave your car in a parking lot. You expect to get it back the way you left it. But when you come back your car may be gone! Who pays for it? That depends. If you turned your keys over, you're contracted to have your car watched and may collect. If you didn't, you have merely rented the space and most likely cannot hold the parking people responsible.

Read all tickets for parking or checking. They are contracts and should say who's responsible and for how much. NOTE: The State Bar of California offers this column for your information so that you may know more about how to act under our laws.

Influence of TV



AFTER HOURS

By JOHN MORLEY

Helsinki (Special to the HERALD).

During dinner at the home of one of the most prominent families of Finland here in Helsinki last night, my hosts repeatedly tried to impress me that Finland was absolutely independent of Russian influence. The husband, in his 70s, has entertained me during several previous trips to Finland. He is one of the few in Helsinki... speaks Russian and English fluently... and for some 40 years had offices in Moscow. He personally sold Lenin and Stalin Finnish paper for their propaganda even before the 1918 revolution. His wife in 1939 went to Berlin and talked with Marshall Goering in an attempt to prevent the war. In behalf of a peace delegation from Scandinavia, the photograph of a member of this family is on the currency today. I mention this to show the prominence and influence of this family. They are sincere Christian people... passionately patriotic. But unfortunately they are either misinformed about Soviet influence in Finland, or like so many prominent nationals I meet in other countries, they are unwilling to face the facts.

In the past few days I have covered Russian territory... attended the international "Peace Conference" (the "Assemblée Mondiale") viewed key Communist delegates from Moscow, Peiping, Paris, London, Milan, East Berlin... and my conclusion is that Finland is in a vise pressure which can be closed at any time it suits the Russians. This is an unfortunate situation for such heroic and democratic people as the Finns, but it's true.

Helsinki is bulging at the seams with the largest Communist convention in history, delegates pouring in from as far as Red China and Chile. I met the Moscow train this morning to see the Russian and Chinese delegations arriving together, having met in Moscow for the 24-hour train ride to Helsinki. A few minutes ago I attended a press conference during which answers were given to the news-men in Russian, French, Chinese, German, Finnish, Swedish, Italian, Spanish, English and a few other languages. There were about 30 reporters. I was the only American who attended. It was evident that the U. S. press services were either excluded or they did not choose to cover the event as an affront to the Communists. Erenburg, Togliatti, Curie, Dodos, Pavlov and other prominent Communists were there. The statements obviously followed the Communist "new look" of peace and more peace but at Communist terms. We were all given a white dove pin for our lapels. Since I believe in the white dove peace but not a Communist red dove, I put the pin on my lapel and everybody bowed to me like a good "comrade."

The huge music hall across from the Olympic stadium of the 1952 Olympic games, was the scene of the conference... with everything from live doves flying in the air, to a sumptuous caviar table for the press. There were 3,000 "desk-chairs" for the delegates facing the huge stage, which had places for about 100 Red leaders and a rostrum with 16 radio pickups. At each dele-

gate's desk was a set of ear phones and six electric buttons designating the languages of translation... Russian, Chinese, French, German, English, Spanish. I never saw so many thousands of flags since I addressed the 35th national convention of the American Legion in St. Louis.

The delegates shouted, screamed, stamped with their feet at the slightest provocation. I was amazed to see four Orthodox priests from Poland and Russia there as delegates. The French delegation was the biggest... the Russian delegation hardly applauded at anything I said in the press area, which was in front of the Russian section.

... and I Quote

"A neighbor is someone who'll exchange a cupful of sugar for an earful of gossip."—Sarah Vaughn.

"Every girl looks for her dream man. In the meantime, though, she gets married."—Margaret Puchir.

"A guaranteed annual wage, a guaranteed annual bonus, and a guaranteed pension plan are fine with the employees. But they want a guarantee that you won't go broke!"—Industrial relations director to factory owner.

"When a married man pulls out a fat wallet, you can bet he has two things—a camera and a child."—Carrollton (Ky.) News.

"The things a woman will do to get a man makes you wonder if his worth it."—Charles Grant.

"The easiest way to get into trouble is to be right at the wrong time."—H. D. King.

"The reason why a Russian laborer finds work so painless is that his nerve has been removed."—Jesse Kaplan.

IT'S A FACT



As I sat listening to the various Communist orators, each trying to outdo the other in volume and calisthenics around the rostrum. I noticed the Russian delegate near me constantly staring at my suit and shoes. I made a gesture to show them my coat but they rudely ignored it. In spite of the cold damp auditorium, I took off my coat casually and laid it on the chair in front of them. Just as casually and inconspicuously several of them leaned over and felt it. I then took off my shoes and placed them under the chair. In seconds they were bending over as though picking up something from the floor, to feel the leather. I took one look at their shoes and in a flash I realized what was going through their envious minds. After a few moments of silence, one of them smiled faintly, nodded me on the back in an obviously deliberate gesture that seemed to say, "If only the white doves could bring us shoes like that."

I'd heard about those signs but I always thought they were only in someone's mind until I saw one on Long Beach Blvd. the other day. "Don't go down the street to be cheated—stop here" in letters a foot high was hanging over the entrance to a used car lot.

Someone here at the HERALD brought this one in. A young fight manager, who works part time for a Southern California newspaper, was telling about his fighter the other day. "Well, he's kinda going down hill now, you know what I mean. He's going to stage a comeback, though, pretty soon."

Pressed as to what he meant by "kinda going down hill," the young trainer sniffed audibly and said, "well, he's got knocked out in his last nine fights."

The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHE, Herald Staff Writer

When Joe Workhard comes home and announces to his lovely spouse, "Cutkins, my vacation is coming up in a month, it may involve a major crisis in the Workhard household. Vacations can be fun, but they also involve many problems.

The first and most immediate problem is, "Should we take a trip, or should we stay home and paint the house?"

The simplest solution is to stay home and paint the house, because this involves only the purchase of the paint.

If Mabel decides that they are going to take a trip, then problems are only beginning. Mabel must ponder whether the junket should be for pleasure, education, neither or both.

If it is to be for pleasure, she may decide that they should rough it, or she may want to go just as far as they can before they have to turn around.

Roughing it involves purchase of considerable equipment—tents, fishing gear, a special rack for the car to carry it all, and of course, new clothing for the trip.

On the other hand, Mabel may be one of the persons who likes to learn as many states as possible, and in this case, the car must have the motor rebuilt in order to accommodate the extra mileage.

If the trip is to be for pleasure, then Mabel will gather all available information on Indian ruins, historical monuments, art museums, quaint old ghost towns, and scenic beauty spots to make her decision.

She will consult with friends to learn what they saw, and will make a special note to see something older and more picturesque. She will consider also whether the little Workhards would be uplifted by such educational sights.

Other problems which may arise include: 1. Should the children be taken along, or left at home? The more children there are, the less likely it is that the trip will be for pleasure. 2. Should the family dog and cat be taken along, or should they be left off on Mother or a neighbor? 3. What needs to be bought in the way of clothing and equipment? 4. What repairs should be made on the family chariot, or should a new auto be purchased?

There are plenty of other minor questions which must be decided before taking a vacation, but these are some of the major considerations. It's still easier to stay home and paint the house.

The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

This Torrance Fair routine, Is the strangest, I have seen;

No matter how hard I tried, They wouldn't elect me queen.

Now try to visualize it this way.

It's fairly late in the evening, this north Torrance resident has been asleep for an hour or so, and the door bell rings.

Walking to the door in his pj's and bare feet, our unsuspecting friend opened the door and saw nothing. Stepping out on the porch—ah, there gentle reader, is where he made his mistake.

Some practical jokers had spread a sack full of crawling things right in front of the door. And 'till as if by magic, one of them immediately got his to. Really.

That's all of the story we can print.

A bit of hallway testimony which followed the rabies hearing the other night, was not reported by those covering the meeting. However, Acting Police Chief Percy Bennett and others will swear to this: Major Abrahms, who had testified about rabies in Japan, elaborated a bit in the hallway after the hearing. "The main reason they don't have rabies there," he said, "is because the Japanese eat their dogs—and there are not many on the island."

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My pop's tops because he can fix the washing machine. The darn thing is bust all the time... When my father was a boy he did not have the many fine things we have today, for instance he had to walk on rough wood floors but today caring for others he would not allow a rough floor in our house but insists that our floors be smooth.

My father doesn't scold me just because he don't like me. He does like me. But he scolds me so next time I won't do whatever I did now. This works pretty good... My pop's tops because he always plays games with me even though he's very old. He's 33 already.

When I don't do what I'm supposed to do I get a spanking and that makes me feel like thanking him because I know it's for my own good. But I don't thank him because he might think I like it...

My pop's tops because he wants me to learn my lessons so he gives me spelling even though he can't spell very good neither.

My pop always takes me fishing and we don't catch no little ones neither... My pop's tops because he is not only a minister but is the father of 10 children too... My dad could be an opera singer if he wanted but he didn't.

He does the opera in his spare time. I wish he'd keep quiet 'till he gets to the top.

Pop always finds time to read the comic book to my little brother Jackie. Why even if Jackie goes to sleep ahead of time, my pop reads the comic book to him. What I think is my pop likes to read comic books... When my pop was a little boy he used to go to the grocery store. A little girl there always gave him a

big sour pickle which later turned out to be my mother (We believe he means that the little girl, and not the pickle, became his mother). My pop's tops but he says he is always tired from working so hard all day but mom says it ain't working all day which makes him tired, it's resting all night.

The Do It Yourself trend has slipped its mooring and drifted to other fields because I notice the town of Burbank, California, now has a beer parlor named "Amuse Yourself"...

Unhappiest man in Los Angeles is the citizen who arrived here in 1921. It took him 30 years and more to learn how to find all the byways, onways, runways and alleys and just when he was ready to graduate cum laude along came the freeway! Now, he has a glowing deep crimson when he drives into a gas station and asks: "Mister, how do I get on that freeway over there?"... Friend of ours had a housewarming party but the following win he still had to use his furnace. Didn't get a single gift that would warm his house.

It always intrigues me how lady bathers who have no waitline are always telling their beach friends: "Excuse me, I'm going into the water up to my waist"... Next time a bore monopolizes your luncheon, bide your time until he brags that he is a self-made man, advises Communist Bob Vincent. When he says: "Why, when I was six years old, I was left an orphan," that's your cue to jump right in and demand: "Really? And what did you do with it?"... The severest denunciation of picking up a hitchhiker just to prove you're a warm-hearted Joe, will be found in the recently previewed movie heart-stopper: "The Night Holds Terror"...

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Glazed Glances

By BARNEY GLAZER

Now that Father's Day has come and gone, and the neckties linger on, I believe there is sufficient sentiment for dad left to take a few liberties with a column written by Charles House in the Milwaukee Sentinel.

The newspaper staged its annual "My Pop's Tops" game and Mr. House published excerpts from a series of letters written by many free-wheeling and outspoken kids. I have taken the liberty of correcting the spelling in these kiddie classics, for which I am entitled to some form or other of meritorious badge of honor.

Now hold on tight, because these are the kids talking!

My pop's tops because he is poor but he'll buy us anything we want that we can afford. That ain't much... My pop's tops because we can't get any more kids but the ones we have he treats decent... My pop's stingy with his money but on Sunday if we go for a ride and beg him for candy real hard he will pop.

My pop's tops because when I go to the show he will let me go and when I go to the ball game he will let me go. What I do is I tell him about it after I come back. He says ok... My pop will never chase the neighbor kids out of our house. He just lets them in any old time. He says they are his children too and mom says there is some truth in this.

My dad is a fireman and he saves all the little children so they don't burn so he really is important, isn't he, mister?

My pop says he don't care if he loses all his money as long as he has us kids. That may sound foolish though... My pop lets me take accordion lessons. He lets me practice outside and he goes inside.

My pop is tops because he don't spoil me. He spoils my sister though. Wow is she rotten.

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ESTABLISHED JAN. 1, 1914

Torrance Herald

Published Semi-Weekly at Torrance, California, Thursday and Monday. Entered as second class matter Jan. 20, 1914, at Post Office at Torrance, California, under act of March 3, 1879.



1619 Gramercy Ave. FA 8-4000 KING WILLIAMS, Publisher GLEN W. FEE, General Manager REID L. BUNDY, Managing Editor

Adjusted a legal Newspaper by Superior Court, Los Angeles County. Adjusted Decree No. 218470, March 25, 1927.

MEMBER CALIFORNIA NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION MEMBER NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

Subscription Rates: By Carrier, 30c a Month. Mail Subscriptions \$3.60 per year. Circulation office FAIRfax 8-4004.

NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION AFFILIATE MEMBER

Crossword Puzzle

HORIZONTAL 38. Science 39. Not out 40. Padlock 41. Operation 42. Not out 43. Padlock 44. Operation 45. Not out 46. Padlock 47. Operation 48. Not out 49. Padlock 50. Operation 51. Not out 52. Padlock 53. Operation 54. Not out 55. Padlock 56. Operation 57. Not out 58. Padlock 59. Operation 60. Not out 61. Padlock 62. Operation 63. Not out 64. Padlock 65. Operation 66. Not out 67. Padlock 68. Operation 69. Not out 70. Padlock 71. Operation 72. Not out 73. Padlock 74. Operation 75. Not out 76. Padlock 77. Operation 78. Not out 79. Padlock 80. Operation 81. Not out 82. Padlock 83. Operation 84. Not out 85. Padlock 86. Operation 87. Not out 88. Padlock 89. Operation 90. Not out 91. Padlock 92. Operation 93. Not out 94. Padlock 95. Operation 96. Not out 97. Padlock 98. Operation 99. Not out 100. Padlock 101. Operation 102. Not out 103. Padlock 104. Operation 105. Not out 106. Padlock 107. Operation 108. Not out 109. Padlock 110. Operation 111. Not out 112. Padlock 113. Operation 114. Not out 115. Padlock 116. Operation 117. Not out 118. Padlock 119. Operation 120. Not out 121. Padlock 122. Operation 123. Not out 124. Padlock 125. Operation 126. Not out 127. Padlock 128. Operation 129. Not out 130. Padlock 131. Operation 132. Not out 133. Padlock 134. Operation 135. Not out 136. Padlock 137. Operation 138. Not out 139. Padlock 140. Operation 141. Not out 142. Padlock 143. Operation 144. Not out 145. Padlock 146. Operation 147. Not out 148. Padlock 149. Operation 150. Not out 151. Padlock 152. Operation 153. Not out 154. Padlock 155. Operation 156. Not out 157. Padlock 158. Operation 159. Not out 160. Padlock 161. Operation 162. Not out 163. Padlock 164. Operation 165. Not out 166. Padlock 167. Operation 168. Not out 169. Padlock 170. Operation 171. Not out 172. Padlock 173. Operation 174. Not out 175. Padlock 176. Operation 177. Not out 178. Padlock 179. Operation 180. Not out 181. Padlock 182. Operation 183. Not out 184. Padlock 185. Operation 186. Not out 187. Padlock 188. Operation 189. Not out 190. Padlock 191. Operation 192. Not out 193. Padlock 194. Operation 195. Not out 196. Padlock 197. Operation 198. Not out 199. Padlock 200. Operation 201. Not out 202. Padlock 203. Operation 204. Not out 205. Padlock 206. Operation 207. Not out 208. Padlock 209. Operation 210. Not out 211. Padlock 212. Operation 213. Not out 214. Padlock 215. Operation 216. Not out 217. Padlock 218. Operation 219. Not out 220. Pad